

Lazy Mornings by Carrera_os

Series: HarringroveApril Prompts 2021 [21]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Anal Sex, Billy Hargrove Lives, Crying, Lazy Mornings, M/M, Post-Battle of Starcourt (Stranger Things), Soft Billy Hargrove

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-07-07

Updated: 2021-07-07

Packaged: 2022-03-31 11:30:32

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,201

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Day 26 Easy

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Billy cannot believe how easy it was to slide into Steve's life, to take up space in his big empty house, how easily Steve just lets him in, never asking him to leave. It is not supposed to be more than a warm body to fuck, more than a place to stay where no one wants to hurt him while he recovers. It is easy to fall into it, to take everything Steve gives so freely, easy to crave all of it, all that Steve is more than willing to offer up to him.

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Author's Note:

Day Twenty-Six Easy from the Harringrove April Prompts

Lazy Mornings

Billy cannot believe how easy it was to slide into Steve's life, to take up space in his big empty house, how easily Steve just lets him in, never asking him to leave. It is not supposed to be more than a warm body to fuck, more than a place to stay where no one wants to hurt him while he recovers. It is easy to fall into it, to take everything Steve gives so freely, easy to crave all of it, all that Steve is more than willing to offer up to him.

Billy tries to resist but eventually he comes to the realization that Steve has wormed his way just as easily into Billy's heart as Billy surely has into his. He does not admit it until one lazy spring morning, Steve snoring and Billy wakes up with an urge as he looks at Steve's soft sleeping form, feels something growing roots under his ribs that he has always tried to weed out. It always just grows back stronger than before, Billy drags the covers up before rolling on top of him pressing his ample weight into Steve.

Billy had been less than pleased by the weight gain after Starcourt, not allowed to exercise even eight months later, the closest thing to a workout he gets these days is when Steve is all fucked out and loses too lazy and tired to actually insist on doing any of the work.

It is easy to lay there and let Steve do the work, watch Steve bounce on his cock, looking pretty and lean working himself over and over

again until they both spill, more than willing to do it again and again until Billy has his fill. Sleepily yawning, insisting he can still go, when they both know he is not going to make it through more than a few up and down slides of his hips, thighs shaking with exertion, he is tired but his dick still rises when he slides down on Billy's cock. Billy just waits him out, waits until his hands slide across his chest as he sags forward and pants teary eyes all "I can't Billy, I can't" trying so hard to give Billy what he thinks he wants.

Except it is not, not really, he just wants Steve anyway he can get him, will take him sleeping next to him as easily as riding him and enjoy either option. Steve is still hard though, dick pressed between their bellies though and Billy knows he can come again, so he flips them over and it is so easy to fuck into Steve while he is all loose and pliant breathy complaints of "You shouldn't be exerting yourself." That just make Billy fuck into him harder, he has gotten his energy back and he might not be able to lift but he can handle this, can take the easy glide of Steve's body wrapped around him, the slow and slick heat building between them, shifting until Steve is crying out with each thrust. It is so easy to make him cum, hand barely touching his dick and Steve is shaking apart orgasm dry because he has already spent too much between their stomachs. Billy kisses at his tears and thrusts a few more times, the clench of Steve's body easily dragging Billy over the edge.

The memory of just last night has him chubbing up, dick pressed against Steve's naked skin but he ignores it, that is not what he wants right now and given how many rounds they went last night, he is sure Steve is too sore for a follow up at the moment. Steve murmurs into the pillow with a sigh, rubbing his face before settling again undisturbed by the added weight, easily pinning him to the bed. Billy appreciates the feel of him, soft and solid, real, an easy reminder that this tangible stupidly soft man lets him have this, lets him stay, wants him here.

Billy drops kisses over Steve's shoulders, going from one mole to another, there are so many to kiss and Billy has thought about it before but he has never really given in to kissing more than one in a passionate moment. It is easy to get lost in it, Steve smelling like stale skin and laundry detergents, Billy had cleaned him up last night after he was nearly asleep, knowing how prissy Steve gets when he wakes up covered in cum. As amusing as it is that thing growing roots, making a home for itself, easily squashing out every attempt Billy has ever made to burn it out, just wants Steve comfortable and happy, at least as comfortable and happy as he has made Billy over these last eight months if not more so.

Billy is pretty sure it is a lot because now, that thing growing under his ribs, taking up root, there is no escaping it. He finds he does not care much anymore especially on easy mornings like this, where the sun is coming in brightly and Steve is just starting to stir. Billy just keeps trailing his mouth over Steve's skin, tongue twisting around a close formation of spots making Steve murmur sleepily into his pillow.

"Morning Billy." Steve greets softly, voice sleep rough and perfect as he cracks an eye open, before quickly slamming it back closed, a streak of light catching him right there.

"Face the other way, pretty boy." Billy instructs the light streaming in is not casting long enough to reach and Billy leans up kissing the cropping of moles against Steve's cheek when he does. Steve wiggles and squirms but Billy's added weight easily keeps him where he is.

"Let me move." Steve requests pouting and Billy huffs but gives in so easily to that look, lifts up and gives Steve enough time to roll onto his back before settling over him again, Steve's legs sliding to let him press between his thighs as he starts kissing at his chest. "Kiss?" Steve

asks and Billy could not say no even if he wanted, is so easy for Steve these days, leans up and meets his mouth both of them stale but it does not matter kissing Steve is easily one of Billy's favorite things.

It was never supposed to become this, never supposed to be more but Steve, easily lovable Steve Billy's heart burst and grow. He is a goner now, unable to get enough of Steve's lazy early morning kisses. Billy is pretty sure he does not deserve Steve, Dustin certainly does not think so but Steve always just shushes the kid shooting Billy a smile, hearts in his eyes and Billy falls more in love each time.

"I love you." The words slip from his mouth easily, sun stripping the left sides of their faces as he presses their foreheads together.

Steve's face splits in a bright grin that could give the sun a run for its money. "I love you too" no hesitation, no ulterior motive because Steve does not use love like that, gives it freely and falling in love with him is the easiest thing Billy has ever done.

-End

Author's Note:

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